



MISHA



CHILDREN'S
ILLUSTRATED
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to meet you,
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NINA GROZOVA

UP WE GO!

"There are some blokes practising hang-gliding in our village. Let's go and have a look, shall we?" Shurik told Katia. "This is how you adjust the straps," the pilot showed them how to do it and then said: "Like to have a try?" Shurik slipped Ricky, Katia's pet guinea-pig she always took around with her, under his shirt and yelled: "Hold tight!" to the girl. Suddenly a gust of wind caught the hang-glider and tossed it up.

Illustrated by Igor OLENIKOV



It drifted on and on with the children strapped to it. Then the wind died down and the hang-glider landed on the river bank. Some boys were fishing from rubber dinghies. "Come on, you guys, give us

a ride!" a big bully with a tiger on his T-shirt ordered the children. He hitched his boat to the hang-glider and all the other boys jumped into it.



The overloaded boat began to sink. "Help!" cried the boys. Meanwhile Ricky scrambled out of Shurik's shirt and gnawed at the rope. The hang-glider sailed up again and the boat got a jolt and

overturned. "They're going to drown!" Katia screamed with alarm. Fortunately the water was shallow there, so the boys got off lightly.



Shurik and Katia sailed on and on. The hang-glider plopped down in a wood clearing. Ricky slipped out and flopped onto the grass. A floppy-eared hunting dog ran from behind the trees and pointed.

Katia grabbed Ricky. "It's all right. He won't harm your pet," came a voice coming out of the undergrowth. The next moment they saw a cheerful plump man with a camera gun.



"No big deal, getting lost with a hang-glider," he chuckled. "I'll tell you about something that happened to me once. Legend—that's my dog—had started a hare. 'Time to shoot,' I thought. Well,

what do you know! The hare saw a bike hidden in the bushes, jumped in the saddle and was off like lightning." "Fancy that!" said Katia. "I wish I could get hold of that bike now," Shurik sighed.



"Go on, take it!" the hunter said. "I forgot to tell you: the hare brought it back. You can use it; return it later." He gave the children his address. He didn't have to tell them twice. They climbed on

to the bike, fixed their hang-glider to the handlebars like a sail, and the curious vehicle rolled along the road.



But on a steep slope the bike accelerated and all three of them—the kids and Ricky—soared in the air. They were riding a "glider-cycle" now. "Hurrray!" yelled Shurik. Katia looked down and

squealed with delight. They recognised the buildings. It was Kuprianovka, their own village. All the villagers ran out of their houses and poked their fingers at the unusual flying object.



How could they get down? "I've got it!" Shurik cried and dropped a coil of strong rope. Barbos,

the faithful hound, closed his teeth on the end and tugged. The hang-glider began to descend.



Touched ground at last! Barbos gave Shurik and Katia a stern look. His intelligent eyes seemed to be

saying: "You could've saved yourselves a lot of trouble if you'd thought of taking me along."

What is this beast in the picture? A red deer. The number one dandy of the woods. And merely two years ago it was a tiny helpless ball of fur. Though growing strong and handsome is not much of a problem as long as you do what your mum tells you, follow her every move and never leave her side. That's life's school for every calf. Like the ordinary school for humans, it numbers several forms.

FIRST FORM. Here the young one learns how to feed properly. First his mother suckles him. The milk is as rich as cream and twice as nourishing. In a little while the baby switches over to vitamins. See how many plants grow around—some three hundred of them are edible. Mummy teaches him to eat mushrooms and water plants as well. A well-fed baby deer grows almost as you look at him. He can put on a couple of pounds a day!

SECOND FORM. Mummy teaches the calf to avoid the many dangers of the forest. The doe pricks her ears and the calf does likewise; Mummy saunters off and the baby follows at her heels. In this way he will get to know where the watering-places are, and the best grazing grounds and the hideouts.



THE DEER CALF'S SCHOOL

THIRD FORM. The half-grown youngster tries a few tricks now. If somebody dangerous turns up the best thing to do is not to flee but to flatten yourself against the ground and keep very still. Mummy will fake a heavy limp and distract the predator's attention. The attacker, fooled by the trick, will go for her, but, oh, try and catch a swift-footed doe!

FOURTH FORM (FINAL).

The calf is learning to use his new antlers. They take several months to grow—at the rate of a centimetre a day. At first they are nothing but two soft vulnerable bumps. No good for fighting. But when summer is over, the antlers harden and then the calf can rub them against tree trunks, fight off enemies, and fence with other deer.

Well, here we are; school's over. Ahead is adult

deer life with all its joys and sorrows. You are no longer a baby on wobbly legs in a dapple coat. You are a handsome red deer stag! Baby deer are quick learners; they cover the four forms in just two years!

SAVVA NOVIN

Photograph by GEORGI SMIRNOV

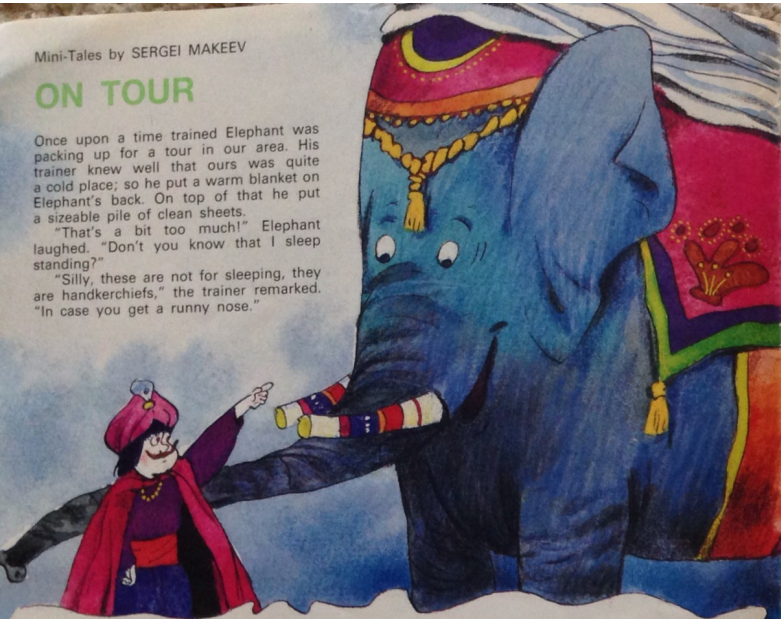
Mini-Tales by SERGEI MAKEEV

ON TOUR

Once upon a time trained Elephant was packing up for a tour in our area. His trainer knew well that ours was quite a cold place; so he put a warm blanket on Elephant's back. On top of that he put a sizeable pile of clean sheets.

"That's a bit too much!" Elephant laughed. "Don't you know that I sleep standing?"

"Silly, these are not for sleeping, they are handkerchiefs," the trainer remarked. "In case you get a runny nose."



PUZZLE

Everybody knows that crocodiles are awful sleepy-heads.

Once a crocodile fell asleep in the middle of the road, of all places. And a small tractor ran right over him. But then again, the crocodile could have dreamt it all.

Then why is he now as flat as a pancake and with tyre marks all over his back?

Some riddle!

Well, be as it may, now crocodiles spend their lives in water where they can doze off in safety.

Illustrated by LEVON KHACHATRIAN



YURI KOTLER

OFF TO THE MOON

A mysterious event that occurred not far from a spaceship launching site.

For his holiday Tenghiz went to granddad Jumabai who looked after sheep. The boy liked to watch his granddad take care of the sheep; sometimes he helped him to feed the huge wolf-hounds, which took some courage.

Tenghiz and Jumabai squatted by the dying camp-fire. Suddenly they saw a flare far away on the horizon. A ball of blazing light soared in the air, swiftly turning into a bright dot.

"Quick! Look at that!" cried old Jumabai.

"So what?" Tenghiz snorted. "Nothing special. There's Baikonur, our cosmodrome, over there. That is probably the Progress space lorry going up."

The Moon had come out.

"You youngsters know everything, don't you?" Jumabai grumbled. "Nothing surprises you. Tell me then, smarty, which is the crescent up yonder—old or new?"

"Can the crescent grow old?"

"Look at it. Now its side is bulging out to the right; that means the crescent's just been born. After a while it will do the reverse—the Moon will start to wane."

"Oh, rubbish," Tenghiz yawned. "Who cares about the Moon? There's no one there, just a lot of dust."

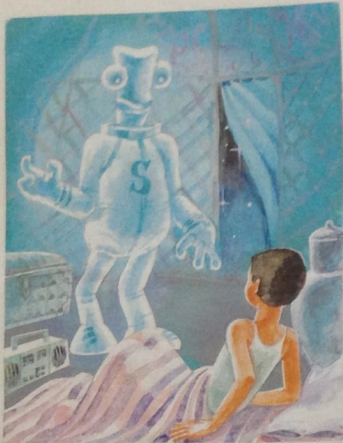
A fresh wind set in. The old man and the boy went inside to sleep on warm rugs. As soon as the boy had closed his eyes the Earth shuddered with a mighty shock. Their tent was flooded with dazzling light. Tenghiz, frightened, wanted to wake his granddad, but his body felt like lead. A weird creature in a fluorescent spacesuit stepped in.

"Are you Tenghiz?" he squeaked. "You needn't be afraid of me. I'm a Selenite; I live on the Moon. Call me Sel. I think you said the Moon was uninhabited?"

"I know it for a fact," Tenghiz faltered out. "Soviet robots and American astronauts have been there."



"What else do you know about the Moon?"
 "Everything!" Tenghiz, no longer scared, declared proudly. "It is the Earth's satellite, it takes four weeks to go round our planet. There are



craters, mountains and planes there."
 "How long does a lunar day last?"

Tenghiz dropped his eyes.



"Over a fortnight. So does a lunar night. You painted a sunset once. Don't be surprised. We on the Moon are telepathic, you know. Well, as I was saying, your sunset didn't come off right. Whoever paints the crescent with its ends facing the Sun? The Moon reflects sunlight and would always have its lighted—that is convex—side towards it. That's why in the south the crescent looks

tilted; on the equator it's lying on its side—either a boat-shape or a kind of arch, you see."

"We haven't covered this bit about the Moon at school yet." Tenghiz looked uncomfortable.

"That's O. K.," Sel waved his silvery pincer of a hand. "They will tell you yet that the distance between the Earth and the Moon is 385,000 kilometres and the whole of the Moon is less than Asia in size. While in volume the Moon is fifty times smaller than the Earth. That's why the force of gravitation there is less; everything weighs six times less than here on the Earth. People have long been craving for



the Moon in their dreams and fantasies.

"The first earthing to get there was Odysseus, the mythical Greek hero. In the 17th century an English writer, Francis Goldwin, met someone who said he'd tamed a few wild swans, harnessed them to a flying device and got to the Moon in that way. And the Frenchman Cyrano de Bergerac! There's an inventor for you! 'You should know,' he wrote, 'that the rockets stood in six rows six abreast, and the flames, engulfing one row, spread to the next.' Now, doesn't that look like your modern multistage rocket? The famous German fibber Baron Münchhausen was there twice; first when he climbed the enormous bean-stalk he had grown himself, and after that when he was blown up there by a hurricane. And the ways science fiction characters use to reach the Moon are just endless. Jules Verne used a huge cannon for the purpose.

"Writers in different countries sent people to the Moon at least thirty times. Naturally, there they frequently met us Selenites. For some reason they gave us a different appearance each time. But those are all tales. Some real facts about the Moon were obtained in 1959 when a Soviet space station went round it for the first time and photographed the other side. 1966 was the year of the first contact—the Soviet space station landed on the Moon's surface. Three years later the first live—not fictional—Earth dweller stepped on the Moon. He was an American, Neil Armstrong. Few people know that among those who had helped him was a technician from the Soviet city of Novosibirsk, Yuri Kondratiuk. He published a book called 'Interplanetary Space Conquests' as far back as the 1930s; there he made calculations for a trip to the Moon. In 1971 the Soviet robot Lunokhod-1 left the first tracks in the Moon dust."

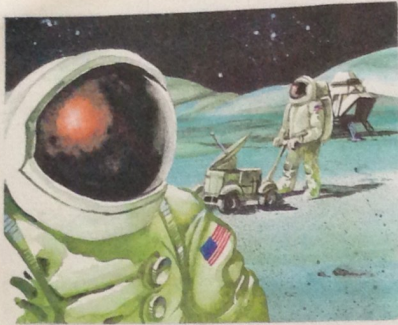
"Sel! You've seen all that?"

"I have indeed. I personally met Odysseus and Cyrano, as well as Armstrong, and took rides on the Lunokhod," the Selenite muttered.

"And how do you manage without air up there?" the boy asked.

"Er... er... You must be feeling tired. Let me set





you a riddle. No one knows the answer, mind you, either people or Selenites. There was a time when both the Earth and the Moon were liquid. And the question arises: did the Moon break off from the red-hot liquid Earth? Or did they appear together? Or had the Moon perhaps come from somewhere else and was 'captured' by the larger Earth? Come, let's go to the Moon together, Tenghiz. You may be the first human ever to solve this mystery."

"I'm game. Let's fly there," Tenghiz said firmly.

"It's morning already, time to get up!" Jumabai was shaking the boy's arm. "I'm sure I don't know where it is you are going to fly, but you'll get there all right in your time."



When they decided to build a dolphin pool near Moscow, lots of people wondered; dolphins are sea creatures and Moscow is quite a distance from the nearest sea. In fact the sea was only a thousand metres away, but it was ... underground. So the dolphins will feel at home in the salty water coming from an underground well.



An amphibious coach plies the French coastline. 150 tourists can travel on land and in water without leaving it.



Dinosaurs had died out long before the first humans appeared. And yet there's a whole park full of them in the GDR. Artist Franz Grus made life-size reptiles from concrete.



Steve Newman of the USA took a 33,600 km walk! He was to 22 countries. True, to get to Europe from America and to Australia from Asia he had to go by plane and fly over oceans.

TELEGRAMS FROM KNOW-ALL

Illustrated by ANATOLY DUBOVIK



GOOD AFTERNOON!

UP AND DOWN THE STEPS

To solve this crossword puzzle use the Russian names of the figures from a story by NIKOLAI NOSOV.

Once Petia, a small boy, was going home from kindergarten. That was a happy day: he had learnt to count from one to ten. All the way he counted: "One, two, THREE (три, tri:), four, five, six, seven, EIGHT (восемь, vósi:m'), nine, TEN (дéсять, d'ési:t')."

By his house Valia, his younger sister, was already waiting for him.

"I can count!" boasted Petia. "I learnt to do it in kindergarten. Look here!"

They went up the steps and Petia counted

loudly: "One, TWO (два, dva), three, four, FIVE (пять, p'at')..."

"Why did you stop?" Valia asked. "Wait a bit, I forgot the next figure. Let's start all over again."

They went down the steps and began to climb again.

"ONE (один, adi:n), two, three, FOUR (четыре, ch'itiri:), five..." Petia stopped. "Let's try once more!"

"I don't want! I am tired of going up and down the steps all the time!" Valia answered and went home.

"There Petia counts the steps up to five. But he doesn't remember the next figure," she told her mom.

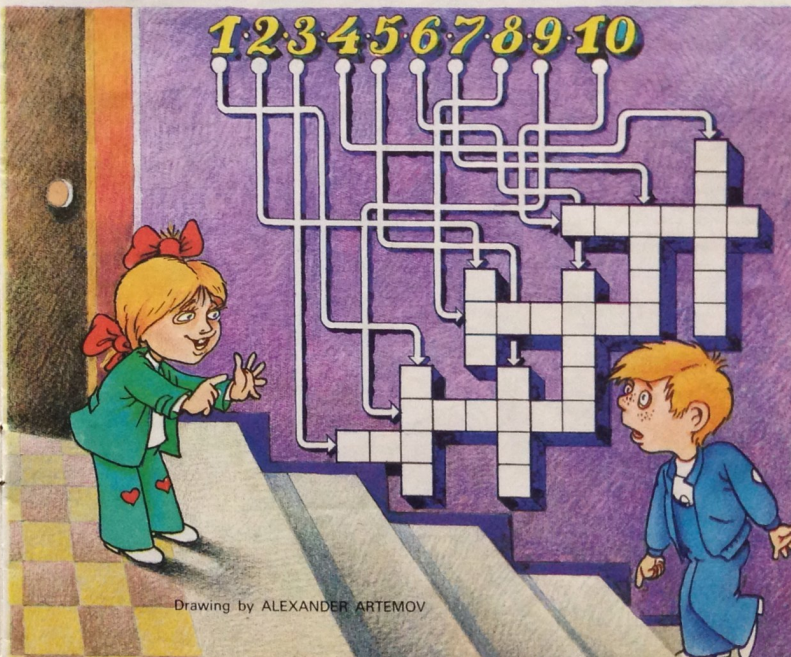
"The next one is SIX (шесть, shes't')!" Valia rushed to her brother who stubbornly went on counting.

"The next figure is six!" she prompted him.

"Six!" rejoiced Petia. "SEVEN (семь, s'em'), eight, NINE (девять, d'évi:t'), ten."

And just the steps ended.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10



Drawing by ALEXANDER ARTEMOV

MUGGINS

Once there was a man who was always making stupid mistakes and having problems—a regular muggins if there ever was one. In the end he got so fed up with it all that he left his old hut and went off to find happiness in strange lands. Once he was walking through a thick wood. Suddenly there was some loud bellowing, so terrifying that it sent all the tigers, wolves and panthers fleeing for their lives. The next moment Muggins saw a hideous giant who was making his way through the woods, carrying the trees with his huge feet. He was big as a mountain.



An Indian folk tale
Illustrated
by SERGEI KRAVCHENKO



Muggins still remembered the lesson wise people had taught him: never lose your head in despair. "Halt," he shouted to the Ogre. "Get out of my way this minute, for I've got a giant a thousand times more scary than yourself!" With these words he showed the Ogre a little looking glass he had.

Now, when the Ogre saw his reflection in the glass, he was reduced to tears and pleaded for mercy. "Spare me, please, let me go in peace!" he begged. "Oh, all right," Muggins said, "but you must remember to always come when I call you." The Ogre agreed. He gave Muggins a hair and said: "Whenever you want me, singe this hair." Then, giving a final bellow, he was off and Muggins went on his way, feeling quite happy. Soon he came to some town.



AAAAAEE

The King was having a giants' contest, with a handsome prize for the winner. When night came, Muggins singed the hair. The next moment the Ogre sprang up in front of him. "I await your orders, Master!" "Help me defeat the strongest giant in the contest!"

In the morning the townspeople crowded to watch the wrestling event, with all the contenders bristling with might and muscle. Muggins' appearance on the carpet was met with a collective fit of laughter, which stopped long before he made short work of all his opponents.



The King showered the new champion with generous gifts and made him Chief Giant of the Kingdom. When a man-eating tiger appeared in the forest near the town wall, the King turned to Muggins for help. Muggins went into the forest, summoned the Ogre and told him to catch the tiger and make him plead for mercy and forgiveness.



The King was so amazed by the wonderful feat that he made Muggins his Chief Advisor.

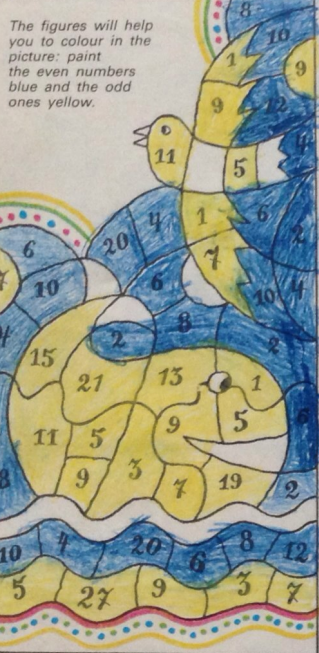


One day the King decided to disband his army. As soon as the enemy heard this, they invaded the kingdom. Muggins singed the hair again.

The Ogre gave Muggins a handful of lentils and said: "Throw these at the enemy." When Muggins did as he was told, it suddenly became pitch dark and the enemy did not know who to fight any more and soon ran away.



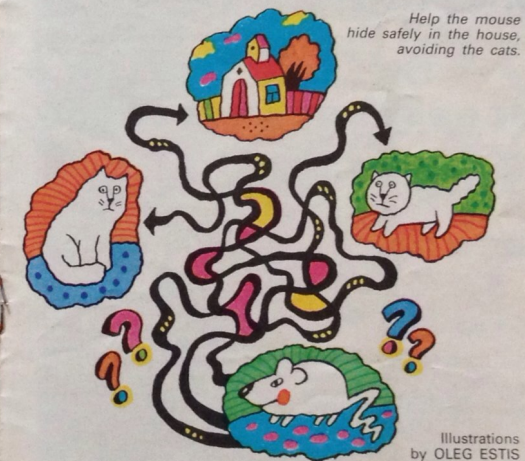
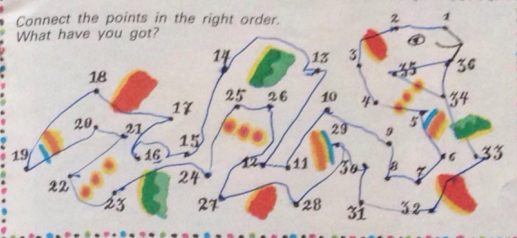
MISCELLANY



Find two leaves that are absolutely the same.



Make up a story about the pictures.

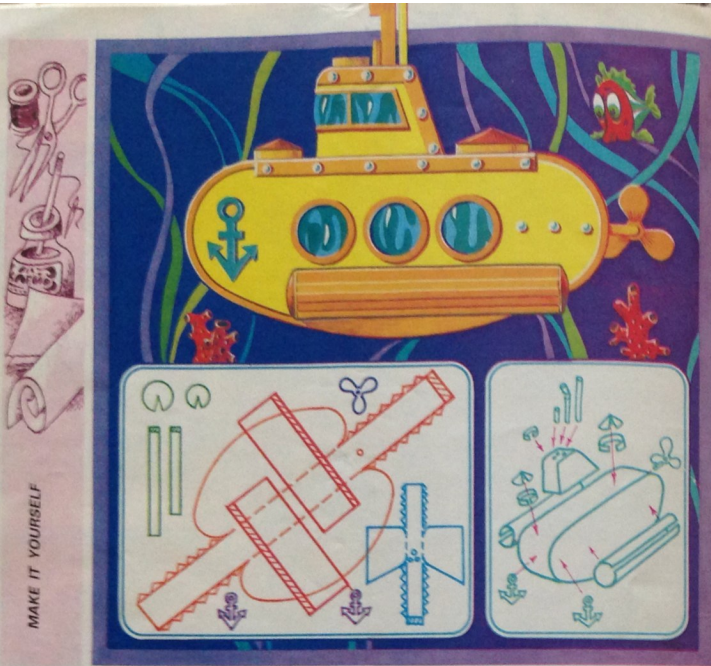


Illustrations by OLEG ESTIS

STAMPS



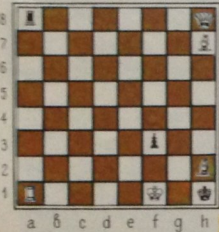
The stamps feature popular Soviet cartoon characters. See if you know them, too. Well, Winnie-the-Pooh is easy, then there are heroes from "The Hedgehog in the Fog", then come Wolf and Hare—stars of the well-known "Just You Wait!" series, and Gena the Croc with his pal Cheburashka. Have you got any cartoon stamps in your collection?



MAKE IT YOURSELF

A bathyscaphe is an underwater boat which can go into the ocean depths and have wonderful adventures. Find you can try and make one yourself, too!

You'll need some thick paper, scissors, glue, a needle and thread and paints. The pattern below explains the rest.
Designed by ANDREI ARTIUKH



Here's another two-mover for young chess enthusiasts: White begins and mate in two.

MATE IN TWO



Solution: 1. Bf5!!



Sasha and Tania were friends with a Red-Headed Clown. They were also fond of animals and wanted to become animal tamers when they grew up. Tania was set on taming especially wild beasts of prey.

"How I wish they would allow kids into the cages," she said with a sigh. "Why is it 'adults only'?" "Not to worry,"

said Clown with a smile. "Look, here's the most ferocious beast of prey I know."

What do you think happened next?
Finish the story and colour in the picture.

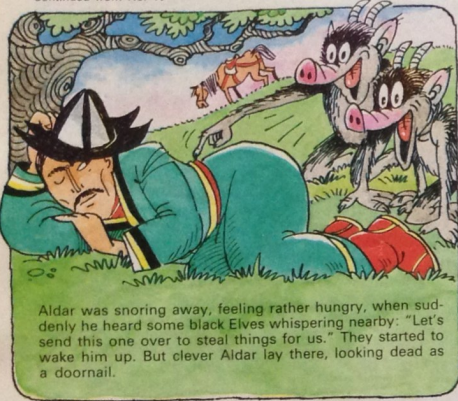
Drawing by NIKOLAI SHCHERBAKOV

THAT ALDAR-KOSE

Based on folk-tales of Central Asia and Kazakhstan

Illustrated by VICTOR TRINCHENKO
Continued from No. 10

The beardless Aldar-Kose, who was as jolly and smart as ever, was travelling in the steppe. He had already twice outsmarted mean and greedy bair, when he had another remarkable encounter.



Aldar was snoring away, feeling rather hungry, when suddenly he heard some black Elves whispering nearby: "Let's send this one over to steal things for us." They started to wake him up. But clever Aldar lay there, looking dead as a doornail.



"Let's put some sausage by his nose, that'll wake him up for sure," suggested one of the Elves. Aldar sneezed.



The Elves jumped on his back, overjoyed: "We've sure brought him back to life, haven't we just?"



"Whoever asked you to, now? I'll go and drown myself, this minute!" Aldar screamed and, grabbing the Elves by their feet, made his way towards the river. This filled the Elves with horror and they started to plead: "Oh, please, don't do that! Let's go travelling together. First we'll carry you, and then you'll carry us!" "Oh, all right," Aldar said. "I'll sing a song and when it is finished, we'll swap our roles."



Aldar was riding along and singing away "Alalai, lalalai, alai-alalai..." for hours on end. The Elves asked: "When will the song end?" "Why, I haven't even got to the end of the first line yet?"

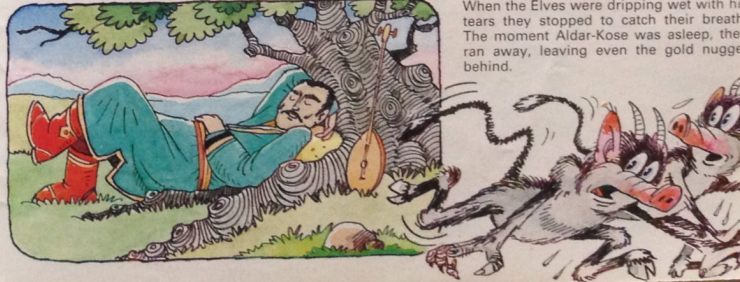
The Elves felt utterly exhausted and leaned against an old tree trunk. The tree was not up to their weight and collapsed, flashing a gold nugget in its hollow. "Let the oldest one among us take this nugget," decided the Elves. Aldar agreed.



"When I was born, the Earth was still no larger than my palm," said one of the Elves. "And when I was born, there was no Earth to speak of at all," claimed another with a sense of importance. These stories brought tears to Aldar's eyes. "It just came back to me, that sad story—on the very day you were born my younger son fell through a cloud, never to be seen again."



The Elves gave the gold to Aldar and put him back on their shoulders, and the jolly trickster continued sobbing and singing at the same time.



When the Elves were dripping wet with their tears they stopped to catch their breath. The moment Aldar-Kose was asleep, they ran away, leaving even the gold nugget behind.



"Hi there, Little Bear. What do you say to spot of skipping?" said Hare to Misha and gave him a rope.

"Piece of cake," Misha said with a laugh. "Anyone can do it."

"This is where you are wrong, I am afraid," said Hare, a little hurt. When I started I had a hard time sorting out my legs, always getting caught up in the rope, they were. Why don't we learn a few skipping exercises, together with Misha's readers?

CAT'S-CRADLE

Cross your hands as you skip: the rope becomes shorter and the challenge—greater! Even two skips is not bad for a start.



TWINS

It's not so easy to skip together either. One of the two takes the rope in the right hand, the other in the left. One, two, three, four—go!

MIRROR

Now there are again two people skipping together, but this time face to face with one of them holding the rope. Isn't it fun to be able to understand your partner without saying a single word?



SLALOM

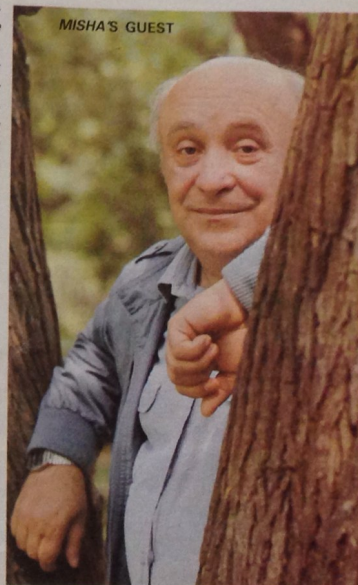
Have you ever seen Alpine skiers going round the flags? Put some balls on the floor and try skipping round them without touching a single one. Let the other kids do it after you.

IRINA VEDENEVA



OUR INTERVIEW

The person whom we have here with us has been, at various points of his life, all the imaginable kinds of villains—chief of a highwaymen's gang, ferocious pirate, animals' torturer, spirit, black magician—you name it. As you have probably guessed already, all of these scary characters are the roles he had to play in different films. In real life, however, the well-known film director and actor Roland Bikov is a very jolly and kind-hearted man, and not horrible and shocking villain. What's more, kids always enjoy his company. During the children's film festival in Tallinn, the capital of Soviet Estonia, Roland Bikov was literally showered with kids' questions. In the end, the questions and answers together made a regular interview.



MISHA'S GUEST

How did you come to be an actor?

Well, once, when I was not yet five, the woman next door took me to some amateur dramatic society. They had a kind of audition there: you had to recite some poetry before a roomful of different people. I chose my favourite—the one about courageous sea-wolves—this name is sometimes given to seasoned sailors, old salts, you know. But I was too small to know it and thought the lines were about a special breed of wolves, who lived on the high seas. Therefore, for extra dramatic effect, I tried to play a wolf: bared my teeth, rattled them, well, you know. This sent my audience rolling in the aisles, which hurt me very much indeed, for I meant my performance to be anything but funny.

At this point in utter desperation, I threw in a phrase which I had picked up from my Mum: "You shouldn't laugh at a person, you know." The audience was laughing even more now. Since then I've been dubbed "artiste" by people I knew. Whatever I said, everybody will be grinning and saying: "Gosh, what an artiste you are!"

What is your favourite role?

Is it possible to ask anybody about their favourite hand or foot? They are all favourite, and one likes them all equally well. The same with roles...

What films do you like to play in most?

Fairy-tales. I remember once I had to play an ugly house spirit. My make-up included real horns and a huge beard which was carefully glued in, hair by hair, before every shooting session. After the session, I usually got into the car and didn't take off the make-up till I was back home. Well, one

day, as I was driving home from a session, I stopped to pick up some hitchhiker, completely forgetting about my weird appearance. You should have seen the man's face. It was distorted with horror as he took in the horns and the beard. I tried to explain who I was and why I looked like that. Pale as a sheet he watched me pulling out the grey hairs from my beard, all the time feeling more and more near panic. It took me a lot more explaining and demonstration to reassure the poor man.

I like fairy-tales because their message is: evil can always be outdone by good. I think it also applies to life.

Recorded by NIKOLAI LAMM
Photograph by IGOR GNEVASHEV

Photographs by ANDREI GOLOVANOV



SWIMMING WITH A DIFFERENCE

Modern synchronised swimming is an art of its own, and the accomplishments of its participants would be far beyond the talents of even the most nimble and agile of the mermaids. These girls can dance to music no worse than ballet professionals, they are very good at gymnastics and when it comes to underwater performance, can outstay skin-divers themselves. It's hard to imagine how much effort and practice goes into their light and deceptively easy turns and moves.



THE HALF-DONE LAND

Based on a story by GALINA MALIK
Illustrated by VALENTIN ROZANTSEV

Half-Shod, the black magician, had kidnapped a sloppy girl called Alia and brought her to the Half-Done Land where she, with her carelessness rightly belonged. Together with a half-drawn boy, called Nedoladka, Alia found out the way out of the hateful land, but was caught and thrown into the prison of the cruel Half-Ruler. Half-Bear, one of the prison guards, let the kids out in the dead of night.

Continued from No. 10



1 It was already light when Alia and Nedoladka were out in the streets of the city. The clock on the old tower was dead—it did not have a minute hand, just as Nedoladka had said. What were they to do? "Get everybody who wants back home together," said Alia to Nedoladka.



2 They did not have to wait too long: soon everybody was there, including Half-Bear the Guard.



"Half-Ruler has been furious since morning when he could not find his favourite helmet," said Half-Bear. "So, in despair, he donned some flower pot and then ran behind the wall with his axe.... That was where I got him, nice and proper."



"Will you let us have your spear, please. It'll make a splendid minute hand for the old clock," said Alia. "Here you are."



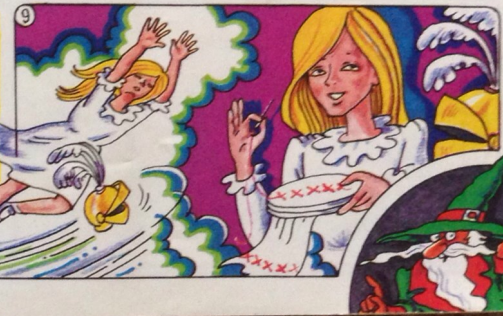
3 Alia gave the spear to Nedoladka, who was quick to understand what to do. He tied a few ladders together and started climbing up to the clock. Higher and higher, step by step. His feet often slipped, for in the Half-Done Land the ladders had lots of rungs missing. Finally he was up, fixed the spear to the centre of the face, turned the spring ...Hurrah, the clock started!



4 There were only five minutes to go till noon. "You'll be home soon enough," said Nedoladka to Alia. "But what about you?" "We are staying. We've got to finish all those unfinished things in Half-Shod's collection. That will stop him from kidnapping careless kids to bring them here."



5 Bom! Bom! —struck the tower clock. "Abracadabra!" said Alia and stamped her foot. A magic force lifted the girl off the ground. When she opened her eyes Alia saw that she was back in her room. Her gaze fell on the half-embroidered tea cloth. "I've got to finish it, quick!" thought Alia and put some thread in her needle.



GENNADY GLUSHNEV

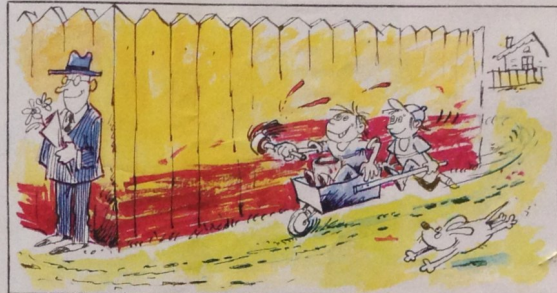
A TRICK

Neighbour's planted water-melons
On his patch, right by my style
What d'I see—some round fellows
On my patch, as large as life.
"No wonder," says my neighbour,
"That's because my plot was shady—
So they chose to escape,
Crawled on vines, away from shade.
Water-melons, round and glossy,
They now have two doting bosses."



MISHA's Little Teases

Drawings
by NIKOLAI
YEVGENIEV,
SVETLANA LYSENKO
and IGOR NOVIKOV



A LITTLE ACCIDENT



"We like science fiction," said Priscilla and Zak Cotler, a mother and son. They live in the USA. During her recent visit to the Soviet Union Priscilla Cotler called on Misha and showed us photographs of her son's pictures: the seven-year-old boy had a real exhibition some time ago. We liked the pictures very much and hope so will Misha's readers. They are made with scissors and glue out of bits of coloured paper, foil, cloth and leather. "When Zak begins a new picture he hardly ever knows what it is going to be," said Priscilla. "He just sits there cutting and gluing away, unfolding his story. The whole thing looks like some wonderful adventure in a world of fantasy."

WE LIKE SCI-FI



PRISCILLA and ZAK COTLER
ZAK's fantastic pictures



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